

Complicated for an Animal

by RivalsByNature

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Summary: Hiccup is just a zookeeper who happens to have a way with animals. Jack is an anything but average zookeeper who seems to always forget his shoes. After an incident occurs involving a little girl and a lion, Hiccup finds himself in more trouble than he realizes: an eight year old boy has a crush on him and his best friend won't stop licking him. (Hijack, AU, rating may increase)

## 1. Of a Lion and a Lamb

**\*\*Hey guys. The idea for this story came to me in the shower. (Yeah, seriously. Why was I thinking about zoos in the shower?) But this just seems like such a great idea to me and as far as I know there isn't another Hijack/Frostcup AU out there where they work at a zoo. I'm a genius.\*\***

**\*\*Disclaimer: If I owned either of these amazing movies and the amazing characters within them, there would be a sequel that would make this pairing cannon. But sadly, I don't own.\*\***

**\*\*I hope you guys like this little slice of my mind. And in case you're wondering, I couldn't come up with shit for the title of this thing so I pulled up a word document I made when I was eleven that consisted of nothing but story titles, and **\*\*\_\*\*Complicated of an Animal\*\*\_\*\*** was one of the titles.\*\***

**\*\*Anyway, here we go.\*\***

**\*\*/. /. /. /. /. /. /. /\*\***

The large lion crouched down, bearing his row of sharp fangs at me with a predatory growl. To be complete honest, I was a little hesitant toward the aggression that the lion was displaying on every feature of his body: his tightened leg muscles prepared to attack, his recently acquired mane standing on end, his eyes watching me in

the same way I've seen Jack glare at a careless zoo-goer who had tossed trash into the penguin exhibit.

But I knew better than to be afraid.

"Toothless, I've known you since your name actually made sense."

The lion released another guttural snarl. His eyes dart to something past my shoulder.

Oh.

I find my radio on my belt and lift it to my lips. "Stand down now! You're spooking him."

The radio replies with static. Some of the tension slips from Toothless's stature.

"Bud, it's okay. They're not going to shoot you as long as I'm in here."

The lion's eyes meet mine. Instantly he sits down and gives me what I've learned to be a goofy smile. That's a relief. I was worried the escape ward would actually have to use their tranquilizer guns.

Toothless tilts his head to the side, silently questioning me. As a reply I slap my hand against my leg twice. Toothless understands and leans back onto his haunches before resting his paws on my shoulders and dragging his tongue from my chin well into my hair. I force myself to not recoil from the moist sign of affection.

"That's enough, bud." Toothless slips off of me. Now with the situation under control, I turn to face the cage breacher who had moved from her place hiding behind a rock to standing just a few meters away, watching wide-eyed in what appears to be a green sweater and pink fairy wings.

I smile as warmly as I can manage. "Hey there, little girl, are you alright."

Her eyes dart from me to the daunting-looking lion sitting in front of me to me once again. She looks afraid.

Toothless looks up at me and makes a motion that looks very much like a shrug. \_So much help you are.\_ I sigh and place one hand on the lion's muzzle and outstretch the other toward the little blonde girl. She takes my silent invitation immediately and throws herself into my open arm, wrapping her small arms around my neck.

"Hey, everything is okay. Toothless won't hurt you. He was just as scared as you were." She frowns at me, clearly not believing a word that leaves my mouth. I sigh. "How old are you?"

The small girl seems to ponder this thought for a moment before remove one hand from around my neck just long enough to hold two fingers right in front of my nose.

"You're two?" When she gives a nod of confirmation I smile. "Toothless here is two too—two as well."

She blinks at that fact and turns to look at the lion who was still sitting patiently in front of me. I can tell that the bulk of her fear had slipped away, replaced with a slight unease. "Canâ€|" her sentence trails off, but I understand.

"Yeah, you can pet him if you want to. He's just a big baby after all."

Toothless seems to pout at my comment but makes no movement, seeming to take the small girl's apprehension into consideration. The tiny blonde slowly lowers her hand toward the lion until it is hovering in front of Toothless. Toothless glance at me and I give him a nod before he leans his head forward, pressing his forehead against the girl's tiny hand.

She gasps and flinches. Her gasp turns into an explosion of giggles and twists her body towards Toothless with an excited squeal of "Kitty!"

And without any warning or consideration of my position at all, Toothless rocks back on his haunches before place his giant paws on my shoulders and licking the little blonde girl's face, nearly knocking me onto my ass in the process.

"Toothless," I hiss as I shift my weight and manage to regain my balance for the most part under the large lions weight without dropping the girl. Toothless lets out a low whine before once again slapping his tongue against my face. "I accept your apology, okay. Now get off of me."

My words were drowned out by the tiny girl's squirming and excited cries of "Toot-less." I sigh as the lion licks the girls face once more before falling back on the ground. I'm shifting the girl in my arms so that she can reach the lion when I hear the cage door creak open before closing back with a thud. The girl doesn't seem to have heard it, but Toothless did. He gave nothing more than a glance behind me before letting the girl once again pet him.

I didn't have to look to know who was approaching, but for some reason I was still surprised when a very wet, very warm, very human tongue pressed itself against my cheek with a small lick.

"Jack," I groan, turning to stare at the white haired boy beside me.

He pouts. "I can't believe you didn't invite me to this licking party you guys are having, Hic."

"We are not having a licking party. No one has licking parties."

Jack smirks. "Says you."

I just shake my head at my unbelievable companion before pulling the girl away from Toothless. She makes a noise of discontent but I ignore it. "Let's get you back to your family."

I manage to take five steps before Jack says, "Are you going to leave me in here alone with Toothless."

"Yep. Toothless, attack."

Jack manages to say, "Attack?" before he is laying on the ground with a lion sitting on top of him, happily licking at his face. Serves him right. He wanted a licking party after all.

I carry the girl out the door of the cage and find a woman with bloodshot eyes and a small brunette boy clinging to her leg waiting. "Sophie?!" the woman practically cries.

"Momma!" the girl squeals before bouncing out of my arms and into those of her mother.

I watch feeling a little uncomfortable as the woman embraces her daughter while cooing soft words of reassurance following along the lines of "Everything is okay. You're fine. I love you so much."

I'm contemplating going back into Toothless's cage to make sure Jack hasn't, I don't know, drowned in lion drool, when I feel a tug on my pant leg.

The little brunette boy smiles up at me, stuttering out a whispered sentence. "Uh, um, uh thank you Mr. Zookeeper Sir for, um, saving my sister." His face flushes red as soon as he finishes stumbling through his sentence.

I squat down so I'm at eyelevel with him and smile. "Call me Hiccup."

He smiles, his face still flushed, and offers his hand. "My name is Jamie."

"Nice to meet you, Jamie." I give his hand a firm shake before being pulled out of the conversation by his mother.

"I can't thank you enough. Is there anything I could do for you?"

My face flushes due to pure embarrassment. "It's really not a big deal. It happens all the time—well, actually, no, this has never happened before, but it was nothing. Occupational hazard. But I do suggest something from the gift shop and a bubble bath for this one," I say before reaching out and brushing the girl's now saliva coated hair.

The children's mother smiles at me. "There has to be something I could do for you."

The cage door clanks behind me and Jack appears at my side looking more than a little flustered. "You left me in there alone!"

"You wanted a \_licking party\_. Toothless was happy to have one with you." I turn to face Jack as I speak and force myself to swallow the laugh rising quickly in my throat. His face was shiny was lion slobber, but the worst part was his hair. Toothless had been meticulous in the way he styled Jack's hair, giving the boy something that could have only been the lovechild of a mohawk and a comb over.

He pouts. "I can tell you're trying not to laugh, Hiccup. You're not

hiding it at all."

I bite my lower lip and shake my head before mumbling, "Sorry." Unfortunately for Jack, half way through saying sorry I lost my shit and broke out into a fit of uncontrollable laughter.

"Why am I friends with you again?"

"Because I let you live in my apartment for free."

"Oh, yeah, that."

"I got it!"

Both Jack and I freeze at the new voice in our conversation. I had honestly forgotten that the mother of the little girl was still standing there with her son. Her son, Jamie, had been the one who spoke. "What is it, kid?" Jack asked, suddenly aware of the boy pulling at the hem of his mother dress and my pant leg at the same time.

Jamie looks from Jack to me to his mother before saying, "They should come have dinner with us."

\_They?\_

His mother seems to like that idea. "That's a great idea, Jamie. Would you two like to come have dinner with us?"

\_You two?\_

Jack's arm wraps around my shoulders and he smiles at the woman. "We'd love toâ€|uhâ€|"

"You can call me Mrs. Bennett," the children's mother supplies. "That's what everyone calls me."

"We'd love to, Mrs. Bennett!"

\_We?\_

Mrs. Bennett pulls an index card and a pen from her purse and hurriedly scribbles something on it, most likely her address, and offers it to Jack. "We eat dinner at six o'clock."

Jack accepts the index card. "Perfect! We get off work at five."

"We'll see you then!" Mrs. Bennett says before saying something about the gift shop and walking slowly away. The little girl, Sophie, waves at me from over her mother's shoulder.

Suddenly a pressure appears on my legs and I look down to see Jamie smiling up at me. "See you later, Mr. Hiccup!"

I open my mouth to say something but the boy's mother cuts me off. "Jamie, come along!"

And with that the boy runs off, occasionally glancing over his shoulder at me. The Bennett family is gone. I'm alone with Jack, who

still has his arm draped over my shoulders.

"What the hell just happened?" I ask as I slip out of Jack's grasp.

"We just got free food, that's what happened."

My eye twitches but I force the situation to leave my mind, instead focusing on something more important. "Why the hell did you lick me back in Toothless's cage?"

Jack frowns. "Why does it matter? I lick your face all the time."

I try not to dwell on the uncomfortable feeling rising in my gut at Jack's latter sentence. "People were watching."

He blinks.

"The escape ward was watching."

"They were?"

"Mr. Moon was watching!"

"What?!"

That got a reaction out of him. "How could you not have seen him in the crowd outside of the cage? It's not like he blends in or anything."

Jack's face becomes more pale than usual. "Does me licking you face fall under the sexual assault clause we had to sign when we got the job here?"

"Let's hope it doesn't for your sake."

He lets out a nervous laugh. "You're not going to file a claim against me or anything, are you?"

"Jack, do you seriously think I would file a claim against you now? You have been licking my face since middle school. It doesn't bother me anymore."

"Anymore?"

I give his shoulder a light punch. "Shut up."

And then I notice something.

"Jack?"

"Yeah?"

"Where are your shoes?"

"Hiccup, come on, do you really have to ask that?"

"One day you're going to step in elephant shit and I am going to laugh my ass off."

"I know you will."

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\*\*So, did you like it? If you like it and want to see more please leave a review. I can't tell if people actually like this story unless they leave a review or favorite or follow or a combination of the two or all three. Anywho, see you guys in chapter two (hopefully). \*\*

\*\*Lots of love & Hijack, RedWords \*\*

## 2. Of Polar Bears and Elephant Poop

\*\*Hey guys! Here is chapter two! I hope you like it! \*\*

\*\*(If there are any spelling or grammar errors, I'm sorry. I didn't have time to proofread this.)\*\*

\*\*Disclaimer: I don't own. :I\*\*

\*\*Oh my goodness you guys! This story got really popular really quickly. I gotta say, this many reviews, follows, and favorites in less than a week has gotten me excited. Maybe we can double those numbers by the time next weekend rolls around! (P.S. I'm going to try to type up one new chapter every weekend. So expect an update by Sunday night. That is, unless I decide to update early or I have a long weekend or something else like that off from school.)\*\*

\*\*Anyway, here we go.\*\*

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North sits across the table, frowning. It was strange seeing a frown on his face; he was always the jolliest man around. Then again, the frown made sense. After all, Jack and I had been called into his office because of the whole Toothless incident.

As soon as we entered the communal zoo office space, North told us that Mr. Moon told him to speak to us. Mr. Moon never seemed to talk to any of his employs directly, instead using North as his advocate.

No one is sure how North came to working at the zoo. Some say that he was in the crate with the polar bears the zoo received a decade or so ago. Others say that he is a very close friend of Mr. Moon and that is how he got the job. I'm not sure which one is true since North was my superior from the moment I started my job, but if I had to guess, I'd agree with the polar bear story.

"Hiccup, I would like to congratulate you on saving the tiny girl from your lion." I open my mouth to say something, but North cuts me off with a wave of his hand and breaks into a giant grin. "Without you a lawsuit would have been unavoidable, no?"

"Ummâ€¦a lawsuit?"

North breaks into a fit of uncontrollable guffaws. "Mr. Moon

suggested giving you a raise. I wholeheartedly agree." He places an envelope on the table and slides it to me. "Think of it as your Christmas bonus, eh?"

I take the envelope without hesitation and bow my head. "Thanks a lot. Tell Mr. Moon I appreciate the bonus."

North lets out one last laugh before all joyful emotion leaves his face and he turns to face Jack. "Jackson, what did I tell you about sexually assaulting this poor boy?"

"I didn't assault him!"

"I have video evidence that says otherwise."

"I was just playing around!"

"Playing around today, rape tomorrow."

"I'm not going to rape him!"

I sigh and shake my head. I guess I'm going to have to step in. "North, Jack wasn't being malicious or anything. It's no big deal. I'm not going to press any charges or anything."

North blinks at me for a moment. He must have forgotten I was there. "Oh, you're not? In that case, Jack, you are on elephant duty for the rest of the day. Do svidaniya."

On that note, Jack and I stand from our foldout chairs and exit the room.

"I guess I'm going to be shoveling elephant shit for the rest of the day," Jack mumbles, shaking his head slowly.

The first thought that passes through my head is \_be glad you still have a job\_, but I push it away, knowing well that insulting Jack won't help anything at the moment. "At least we get free food tonight, right?"

That immediately lightens his mood. "Yeah, you're right. I'll see you at five o'clock."

I watch as Jack marches off toward the elephant exhibit, totally and completely shoeless. Maybe the day that he steps in elephant shit isn't as far away as I thought it would be.

"Hey, Hiccup."

I flinch but quickly realize that the voice speaking to be belongs to the head of the zoo's very own escape ward. "Oh, hey, Astrid."

Astrid smiles at me and pats my shoulder. "You did great earlier. You trained Toothless really well, you know. But, to be honest, I was itching for some action. The escape ward has really been dull lately."

"I'm glad that it didn't have to come to that, but I understand what you mean. Working in a zoo can be exciting one day and completely



routine the next."

Silence passes between us for an awkward minute. Astrid breaks the silence first. "I saw Jack in the lion cage."

I swallow the lump that suddenly formed in my throat. "He was just goofing off. You know how Jack is. He has to make everything a game."

Astrid just watches me as I stumble over my words. She smiles. "Sure, whatever. I remember how back in high school Jack would always get nominated class clown for all the things he did." She pauses for a moment, seeming to contemplate his next sentence. "You guys are polar opposites, but you're such good friends."

"We've known each other since preschool, so it makes sense that we're such good friends."

"Hiccup, the friends I made in preschool stopped being my friends by the time middle school came around. My middle school friends left by the middle of high school, and my high school friends faded away after graduation."

She stops speaking in favor of watching me. To be honest, I never really thought about how Jack and I stayed friends. We have had our fair share of arguments, but they didn't affect anything. At the end of the day Jack was still my best friend. Heck, most of the time he was my only friend. "It's funny how that works."

Astrid nods and turns away from me with a quick shout of, "Got to go work concessions," before walking off in the opposite direction.

I just stand and stare after her until her form blurs until it can no longer be distinguished from the crowd of tourists she was submerged in.

I better go feed Toothless his afternoon snack.

The rest of the day passes easily, and before I know it, Jack appears at my side with his shoes on and a backpack slung over his shoulder, alerting me of the fact that it is five o'clock. We leave the zoo and begin the walk back to our apartment—well, my apartment. My name is on the lease. Jack was just supposed to crash on my couch until he got his feet on the ground. That was three years ago. I guess Jack decided touching the ground was overrated because he has been living with me since.

It's not that I don't like Jack living with me, it's just people usually look at us funny when our living arrangements are brought up. I just don't have room for a second bed in my apartment. Really.

"What are you going to wear to dinner?"

Jack blinks at me. "What do you mean?"

"Should we dress nice?"

"Why would we dress nice?"

"Some families have formal dinners."

"We are going to eat dinner with a mother and her two little kids. Do you honestly think that they are going to have a formal dinner?"

I glare at the white haired boy currently digging through the pile of close on the floor of the closet. "Never mind then. And Jack, those clothes are dirty."

"No they're not."

"If they're clean they wouldn't be on the floor."

"I don't like using coat hangers."

I groan and shake my head. "Jack, could you hand me some clean clothes."

Jack stops rummaging through the pile of garments to turn and frown at me. When he speaks his voice is saturated with worry. "Is your leg feeling okay, Hiccup?"

I lean down and rub my left thigh, my kneecap, the metal prosthetic leg connected just below my knee. "I guess I walked more today than I realized. It is pretty sore."

Jack disappears through the bedroom door. A few seconds pass and he returns with a tube of Bengay. "This should help."

"Thanks," I mumble as Jack places the tube in my hands before return to rooting around in the closet. I rub some of the cool gel on my pained leg.

"What do you want to wear?"

I bite my lip for a moment in thought before shrugging. "It doesn't matter. Something comfortable."

Jack tosses a shirt and pair of jeans onto the bed. "That should do."

Six o'clock approaches faster than expected. I had planned on us walking to the Bennett residency, but Jack disagreed without leaving me room to argue. We took his minivan.

Sometimes I wonder why Jack has a minivan. He never drives with more than one passenger, that one passenger usually being me. Then again, Jack's aunt, an enthusiastic dentist named Toothiana, had bought it for him on his sixteenth birthday. Maybe the minivan was some kind of inside joke between the two of them. All I know is that the thing barely gets twenty miles to the gallon. That's the main reason why we walk to work.

Not before long we are parked outside of a quaint little house in the suburbs, white picket fence and all. I can't help smiling at the house. It was the picture of familial perfection.

"You ready to head inside?"

I blink and Jack, unable to register the question right away, and

nod. "I guess so."

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\*\*So, did you like it? If you like it and want to see more please leave a review. Any sort of feedback makes me more creative, so don't be afraid to review or favorite or follow or any combination of those things or all three! Let's try to make this story one of the most popular Hijack/Frostcup fic on this site!\*\*

\*\*Oh yeah, I have tumblr in case you guys didn't already know. My username is **\*\*\_\*\*redwords\*\*\_\*\*** (just like on here) and I usually just reblog funny things. Feel free to send me a question about Complicated for an Animal on my tumblr blog if you want! Heck, you can ask me anything you want on there. I'm happy to enlighten you guys. That is unless you ask for plot spoilers. I most likely won't give you any of my ideasâ€|most likely.\*\*

\*\*Anywho, leave a review!\*\*

\*\*Lots of love and Frostcup feel, \*\*

\*\*RedWords\*\*

### 3. Of Turkey Soup

\*\*Hey guys! What is up?!\*\*

\*\*Here is chapter three, freshly typed and full of adorableness!\*\*

\*\*Also, if there are a lot of errors, I'm sorry. I didn't proofread it.\*\*

\*\*Disclaimer: I don't ownâ€|sadly.\*\*

\*\*I am so glad that so many of you like this story. It makes me have epic feels. You guys give me epic feels. Do I give you guys epic feels? I sure hope I do.\*\*

\*\*Time for the chapter!\*\*

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The front door flies open almost immediately after Jack presses the doorbell, nearly knocking me off the porch. Jumping up and down in the same clothes he had been wearing earlier with a toothy smile is Jamie.

"Mr. Hiccup! You're here!"

Without warning the little kid throws his arms around my legs and presses his face into my hip. I look to Jack for help but he is too busy holding in his controllable laughter. "H-hey Jamieâ€|I'm here. Jack's here too."

The boy frowns up at me for a moment before realizing that there was in fact another person on the porch with us. "Oh, hey Jack." Jamie detaches himself from my person and moves over to Jack, offering a

small hand.

Jack gives his hand a small shake and a smile. "What are we going to have for dinner, kiddo?"

Jamie brightens at the mention of food before grabbing my wrist and tugging me into the house. Without thinking I grab Jack's arm and pull him with me.

The inside of the house is just as quaint as the outside was. The furniture was in warm shades with doilies decorating everything in sight. The house was clean considering two small children lived there. A few toys were scattered around the area: toy cars, baby dolls, alphabet blocks.

This isn't just a house. It's a home.

Jamie leads us into a small kitchen. Mrs. Bennett dances from the stove to the oven to what appears to be a spice rack, cooking excitedly.

"Mom, they're here."

Mrs. Bennett turns around to smile at us, her face smeared with flour much like the apron she's wearing. "Hey you two, dinner will be done soon. I hope you like homemade bread and turkey soup!"

I can practically hear Jack's mouth watering. "That sounds delicious!"

Her face flushes for a moment before she looks panicked. "Oh my, Sophie is still napping." She looks between the two of us expectantly. "Would it be too much to ask ifâ€¦"

"Its fine," Jack replies instantly, "we'll go wake her up."

Mrs. Bennett gives us an appreciative nod before returning to cooking. Jamie catches my attention by tugging lightly on my arm. "You want me to show you where Sophie's room is?"

"Sure."

With that I am once again being dragged behind the little kid with Jack allowing me to tug him along as well.

And then we reach the stairs.

The staircase didn't deter Jamie in the slightest and he continued to pull me along at a pace just a little too fast for my prosthetic leg. I manage the first and second steps okay but the third catches me off guard and sends me toppling forward. Jack catches the back of my shirt with his free hand before my chin connects with the wooden staircase.

Jamie releases my hand and jumps back, clearly stunned by my sudden lack of coordination. "Mr. Hiccup, are you alright?"

Jack steadies me with a worried look on his face but I brush him off. "I'm okay. Just tripped. And you can just call me Hiccup."

Jamie blinks at me for a moment before nodding his head slowly.  
"Okay, Hiccup. You sure you can make it to Sophie's room?"

Jack smirks at me. "Yeah, Hiccup, can you make it the rest of the way of the stairs?"

I elbow my best friend in the gut. "I'm perfectly capable of climbing stairs."

"Are you sure?" Jamie asks, his eyes wide with concern. Jack rests his forehead on my shoulder. I can feel him shaking with laughter.

I sigh. "Can you lead the way?"

Jamie nods and begins climbing the stairs once more, no longer running or pulling my arm, which I'm thankful for. Jack slides his arm around my torso and practically carries me up the stairs. "Jack, I don't need your help."

"Just let me help you up the stairs. You can walk by down them without me."

I pout at his words. I'm glad that Jack helps me when my leg becomes an issue, but he doesn't have to help me all the time. I can manage on my own.

We make it to onto level footing again and Jamie leads us to a room with a pink door covered in stickers ranging from princesses to flowers to those that you get at school during red ribbon week. Sophie must be a fan of collecting stickers.

Jamie opens the door and steps into a room that can only be described by one word: pink. Toys lay in a perfect semicircle around the foot of the twin bed in the center of the room. In the small bed wrapped like a burrito in pink bed sheets is a head of blonde hair.

Jack steps out from behind me and walks over to the bed, squatting down so that he is at eyelevel with the lump of covers. He reaches out a hand and pets the blonde hair softly. "Hey kiddo, it's time to wake up."

The small girl stirs slightly and the bed sheets begin to unwrap themselves until the girl who was cocooned in them moments ago was completely visible. Sophie sits up with her eyes still shut and lets out a long yawn before holding her arms out, silently asking to be lifted and carried to wherever she was needed.

Jack heeded her request and pulled her into his arms. Sophie lays her head on his chest and drifts back to sleep.

"Dinner's done!"

That simple phrase made the little girl awaken. Suddenly her wide eyes were on me and a smile was on her face. She lets out an excited squeal. "Cup!"

I blink. "Cup?"

Jack smiles. "Cup."

Jamie nods and looks up at me. "Cup."

"Alright then," I mumble and smile at Sophie, "I guess you can call me Cup."

Jack laughs and the blonde girls seems to notice that someone was holding her. She blinks at him, clearly uncertain of what to do. Jack smiles at her. "My name's Jack."

Sophie bursts into a fit of giggles. "Jack!"

I can't help smiling at the pair. And then the smell of fresh food makes its way into the room from the kitchen below and my stomach takes priority. "Let's go eat."

Sophie wiggles her way out of Jack's arms and runs out of the room with Jamie following at her heels saying, "Wait up, Soph."

"Hey, Hiccup."

I raise an eyebrow at Jack. "Yeah?"

"We should have kids."

"J-Jack, we aren't going to have kids."

His face sinks. "Why not?"

"W-we can't."

Jack pouts at me for a moment before something flickers across his face too quickly for me to catch exactly what it was. "We should probably get downstairs. The food is probably getting cold. Hate to keep them waiting."

Jack steps past me and out of the room. I step into the hallway and walk over to the staircase to find Jack waiting there with his hand out.

"Jack, I don't need your help getting down the stairs."

"Fine," he sighs and lowers his hand.

We walk down the stairs and into the dining room in silence.

Mrs. Bennett is carrying bowls of soup to the dining room table where a loaf of bread was already waiting. Jamie and Sophie are already seated, both of them chanting "Food, food, food, food," as they wait to be served.

I walk over to the table and Jamie pauses in his chanting to say, "Hiccup, sit by me."

I nod and walk over to the empty chair beside him to pull it out so I may be seated but someone beats me to it.

Jack stands behind the chair smiling at me and motioning for me to sit down. I glare at him. "I can pull out my own chair."

"I know."

I frown at him. \_What is wrong with you? Why are you being a gentleman all the sudden?\_

Jack pouts. \_Why does something have to be wrong for me to be a gentleman?\_

I glare. \_Jack, seriously, what are you doing?\_

He glances to the side. I follow his stare to find Mrs. Bennett smiling and blushing at us.

Why is she blushâ€¦|\_ohhh\_.

"You two are so cute together."

I can feel my face begin to heat up. "We're not together."

She smirks at me and shakes her head. "Whatever you say."

\_What is \_that \_supposed to mean?\_

I take my seat without thinking and find myself moving closer to the table. Jack pushed my chair in anyway.

I glare at my white-haired best friend as he takes the seat beside Sophie which just so happens to be across from me.

We eat in relative silence. Jamie asks a few questions about the zoo and Sophie asks me about "Toot-less." It was comfortable but I couldn't shake the unnerving feeling that Mrs. Bennett knows something I don't.

And then the worst possible thing happens.

Jamie drops his spoon on the floor. He disappears for a moment under the table to retrieve it, but when he reappears he has a sad and confused look on his face.

"Hiccup, why is your foot made of metal."

It feels as if the room dropped thirty degrees. Everyone was staring at me. My left leg begins to twitch, making my prosthetic rub against my skin in an almost painful way, setting the nerve ending under my skin on fire.

\_Fire.\_

\_Everything is burning. I can feel the skin of my left calf melting away as the weight of the burning timber presses into it.\_

\_ I'm going to die.\_

\_ "Hiccup!"\_

\_ Is that Jack's voice? I can't see him. The smoke is too thick.\_

\_ "Hiccup!"\_

\_ Jack? Where are you?\_

"Hiccup!"

I jump out of my thoughts and turn to find Jack crouching on the floor beside me, his hands on my shoulders. When did I get on the floor?

"Are you okay?"

I stare at him in shaken silence. I can feel my whole body shaking. I try to focus on something to make the fire go away.

I find myself focusing on Jack's blue eyes.

The shaking goes away and I'm suddenly hyperaware of the other three pairs of eyes on me. Sophie and Jamie were both sharing looks of worry and confusion. Mrs. Bennett was biting her lip.

"I'm fine," I mumble as I push myself up from the floor. "I was justâ€¦thinking."

"Hiccup, will you help me wash the dishes?"

I blink at Mrs. Bennett for a moment before giving her a small nod. "I'd be glad to help."

Mrs. Bennett leads me into the kitchen and we begin the mundane task of washing dishes. She washes and I dry. We remain silent until all the silverware has been cleaned and it the bowls' turn.

"I know what it's like to have something traumatic happen to you." When I don't say anything she sighs. "My husband, Jamie and Sophie's father, he isâ€¦was a soldier."

"I'm sorry."

"I am too. He was killed last month. His bodyâ€¦he stepped on a land mine. The only thing I received of him was his dog tags. He hadn't worn them that day."

"How did Jamie and Sophie take it?"

She bites her lip. "I couldn't bring myself to tell them. Jamie still thinks that his father is fighting overseas. Sophie doesn't even remember him. She was just a baby when he was called away."

"You have to tell them eventually. Jamie can't heal if he never finds out."

"Iâ€¦I know. I'm going to tell him soonâ€¦just not today."

I nod slowly, contemplating what to say. "I wasâ€¦in a fire." When Mrs. Bennett doesn't say anything, I continue. "Jack was in the fire too, but he didn't get hurt. A beam fell on my left legâ€¦it trapped me in the house."

"I'm sorry."

"When I look back on itâ€¦I can't help thinking how stupid we were. We knew that the building was going to be demolished soon, but we



went in it anyway. We wereâ€¦stupid. I hadn't known at the time that they were going to demolish the building by setting fire to it."

Mrs. Bennett places a hand on my shoulder and gives me a sad smile. "You're alive. That's all that matters."

I run my tongue over my lips and nod. "That's what Jack said to me when I woke up in the hospital."

"Hey, Hiccup?"

I turn to see Jack standing a few feet away. "What's up?"

"It's getting pretty late. We should get back to the apartment so I can feed Phil."

I frown. I had forgotten about Phil. Phil is the baby penguin Jack was raising until it became old enough to live in the exhibit with the other penguins.

Mrs. Bennett blinks at me. "Phil?"

"He's a penguin."

She seems to fall into a stunned silence. That was normal though. People usually seem surprised when we tell them about our exotic houseguests.

"But, you guys can't leave so soon." Jamie appears behind Jack. "I didn't even get to play with you, Hiccup."

I smile down at him. "Don't worry, we'll come back another day."

He brightens immediately. "Promise?"

"Yeah, I promise."

Sophie appears and begs for a hug from Jack and I. We concede.

It isn't until we're in Jack's minivan, halfway home, that I realize something.

\_Jack was perfectly fine with pretending he and I were together.\_

\*\*/./././././././\*\*

\*\*Some of you already know this, but I started a Hijack ask blog!  
\*starts raining skittles and yaoi\*\*\*

\*\*My ask blog can be found at: ask-zookeeper-hijack . tumblr . com  
.\*\*

\*\*You guys can ask Hiccup and Jack any question you can think of! I love answering your questions!\*\*

\*\*Oh yeah! The very wonderful \*\*\*\*tai-the-frost-viking\*\*\*\* on tumblr has made some very beautiful fan art for this story. You guys should check it out!\*\*

\*\*Hmmmâ€|.remember to leave a lovely review, and if you haven't already, favorite and follow this wonderful tale of Hijack!\*\*

\*\*I love you guys!\*\*

\*\*~Love, Redwords\*\*

#### 4. Woah, Look at the time (SORRY)

Hahaha...so it has almost been two years now since I last apologized for not updating. I am soooooooo sorry. I still want to write this but I can't make any really good promises, so here is all I have to say: I start college this fall and will try to write in any free time I have (I still want to maybe be a writer while I'm kicking butt as a research geneticist). That said, it is all dependent on if I have said free time (all five of the class I'm taking are honors class because I love stressing myself and nearly dying apparently).

If this story is to continue, it will be updated some time before Christmas. I can't be anymore specific than that though. But now that I have given myself a deadline I might actually start doing this.

You see, I came up with the plot for this like three years ago or so and I didn't really have it sorted out then past it being a story about a couple of idiots in a zoo...so once I actually figure out what this thing is going to be about, it will start rolling out a lot faster and easier. If I don't have a plot figured out then I rush into a story without knowing what the heck I'm doing and then end of have horrible plot inconsistencies and panic and quit writing (seen also in my story Behind the Mask, which has been rewritten on my laptop literally six times and I have finally worked out its entire plot but have not yet found time to actually type out said plot...yeah, I'm sorry for that hiatus too).

Anyway, point is, if I can figure out some kind of story arc for this, then it will be written.

Or maybe I'll just make this a collection of cute little stories that all take place in the zoo-niverse. That actually sounds good...I could do that easily. Heck, I could do that right now, if you guys would like that?

I don't know... I will figure it out. Either little fluffy stories will start appearing on here over the next few weeks, or a real plot-driven story will show up in the fall.

Sorry again. This pseudo-update turned into me talking myself through being an active writer again.

Sorry.

End  
file.